ROSS ROADS

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THE JOURNAL OF THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

". . . . . that we, constantly receiving thy bounty, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, INC.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York)

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God's miracles of sun and rain
Have brought the springing corn again;
With cross and choir we go to bless
The fields in all their loveliness.

ROGATIONTIDE

PRAYERS FOR PLENTEOUSNESS

AT Rogationtide men assemble to ask God's blessing on the seed that has been planted, the soil that has been cultivated, and the sowers that labor in the service of God and for the good of mankind. Rogationtide is only one of a series of traditional seasonal observances which are being celebrated increasingly throughout the United States and England. They include Plough Sunday in January, Lammas, or the Blessing of the First Fruits, in August, and the Harvest Thanksgiving in November.

Each observance offers opportunity for petition or thanksgiving and renewed awareness that *God created the heaven and the earth and planted a garden eastward . . . and put man into the garden to dress it and keep it forever.*

ROGATIONTIDE, 1957

By JOHN PEACOCK

THERE are two schools of thought as to the future use of Rogationtide, that part of the Spring of the year set aside for the blessing of the soil, seed and farmer and for prayers to God for this special purpose. One school is that which believes that the fate of the small farm has been sealed, to give 'way to the large, completely mechanised farm owned by stock-holders and run by a board of directors which hires the President and Manager to oversee the actual work. The other school is that which maintains that, as the pendulum swing comes down again, and more and more people will leave the high concentrated and false living of cities and turn to the more natural type of living one must have where natural cycles of life and death follow each other invariably.

The term "rogation" is itself the victim of two schools of thought. The first is that which follows the Catholic tradition, made up for the most part of Roman and Anglican Catholics, and maintains that mankind has not yet been able to discover a better term than this old one with which to describe man's dependence upon God for life. The second is made up of the Protestant groups (amongst whom are many who would and often do agree with the former and cling to the term) who prefer to have another special Sunday added to the ever-growing list and keep "Rural Life Sunday" on the same day as Rogation Sunday.

The movement away from farms and into towns where industry can do a better job of providing more money is better seen in some places than in others, but in the Province of Quebec, with its centuries-old Catholic tradition still a powerful factor in keeping people on farms, the movement has reached proportions unthought-of in 1940! The popular movement is to run the farm while doing a job in the town, preferably a night job, leaving growing sons to do most of the chores, but this is like an elastic which has been stretched to its limit and is about to break, so that one finds more and more farms acting as places where people dwell and from which hay may be sold across the border for high prices. Although the percentages show that Quebec has as many dairy cattle now as ever before, yet the facts show that fewer farmers own larger herds. It is most likely that this is true elsewhere and certainly from my glimpse of Roanridge last January I would say that Kansas City is absorbing the rural countryside rather swiftly, in one form or another. This is also true of Ottawa where Bordens' wonderful farm of some 900 acres is worth much more as real estate than as farm land and over which that city will certainly spew its apartment houses, dwellings and super-markets before it has ceased growing!

If the first view is right, and Corporation Farms replace family farms, what will become of the Rogationtide Services and beliefs?

In England and Europe the entire Parish membership would turn ut on the Sunday and beat the bounds of the parish in ancient custom, opping to pray at focal points or at every farm, as the case might be, nd proceeding to hold the Eucharist followed by a community meal kin to a picnic. Can you imagine beating the bounds of some of our orth American parishes, especially in the West, where motor cars nd airplanes are necessary for such a task? Because of mileage and reage the Rogation Services in our country have tended to become mbollic and confined within the walls of a church building or a church ard, with some priests, such as Harold Cross, carrying the Service into ne surrounding country by means of car and truck, to maintain its ality.

However, Rogationtide still means a lot to us and even in the cities here are congregations whose priest brings them face-to-face with the ality of the truth that "the earth is the Lord's and fullness thereof" a both Rogation and Harvest Festival Services.

Let us imagine a Corporation farm annual meeting of stockholders, as ported by a newsman: "Mr. E. B. Wall, chairman of the Board of irectors of the Farm Corporation, in his report to the stockholders eeting held in the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, said that the future f the country depended upon such enterprises as their, for without eef cattle and milk and eggs the citizens could not be expected to live. owever, under the able management of their president, Jack Pillar, e was able to announce an overall increase in production, a larger dividend nd wonderful prospects for 1967. One of the benefits added to the orporation's Pension and Retirement scheme was an extra week-end oliday in observance of Rogationtide and this met with the Union's ll approval. This now makes the number of week-end holidays up to 5 and it is fully expected that by 1970 Christmas will have been moved a Monday to add a further long week-end."

Which is not so far-fetched as one might think.

In opposition to this trend is that school of thought which is in- rested in "genuine" living and believes that the farm or small com- unity type of life is more genuine than most. To these people Roga- ontide is not something to be relegated to being another weekend holi- ay time, nor to be merely symbollic, for these live so close to the arth that when seed-time comes around they feel both the necessity or prayer and for the giving of thanks. Philip Wylie says that religion- ts in all ages and all places give deference to a Creator in this way ostly because they wish to hide the true nature of both Nature and Man! e this as it may, one thing is sure, and that is, that many, many church eople in the rural areas vouch for the authenticity of their religious xperience in being custodians of the earth. We feel that there is an rgent necessity to beeseech God on bhalf of the soil, seed and farmer.

The main problem before religious leaders at this time is that of etting across to the people in church pews on Sundays the full implica- on of Rogationtide without getting bogged down in traditional em-

phasis and in trying to keep something going mostly because our ancestors did it, and, at the same time, getting them to participate with full knowledge of what they are doing and why they are doing it. Most members of congregations are able, and willing, to give emotional assent to the idea of Rogation, just as they do to "Mothers' Day", but would not want to go any deeper into that idea.

To Catholic Christians, i.e. Anglican, Roman or other, the only realistic way in which to do this is by means of that greatest teaching, learning and participating privilege we possess, by means of the Eucharist. And many of us cannot do such a teaching job even so because we have allowed the Eucharist to become more of a "spectator" Service than a participating one! For those of us who have brought our congregations along to that point where 40, 50 or more people meet each Lord's Day to be The Church within the Action of the Eucharist there is practically no problem in celebrating Rogationtide with real meaning.

It is impracticable to "beat the bounds" for most of us (but let those who can do so and God bless them!) but the folk can come to the Lord's Table and take with them their soil, their seed, their implements and their families for presentation at the Altar as part of the Offertory, and be full participants in Rogations! They might even set up a wayside Altar, as the Roman Catholics in Quebec do at the Corpus Christi celebrations, and have a full celebration of the Eucharist in plain sight of those things for which we are making Rogations.

But this is difficult to do in places where the crowds are large and personalities are not close to each other. This will be improbable in such a situation as might come to pass where there are nothing but Corporation Farms and no small towns. Apparently this can best be done where members of the Body of Christ know each other in community.

Celebrate Rogationtide 1957 in the Eucharist!

—oOo—

Bishop I. P. Johnson wrote: "We can approach the holiness of God without arrogance only as we are conscious of the sins that keep us from knowing him as he is revealed in the person of Jesus Christ. The self-seeking person who thinks to cultivate the majesty of God by assuming his own importance will find himself guilty only of colossal impertinence. God is a person who is tenderly compassionate toward penitent sinners but who declines to be the subject of patronage on the part of his creatures, no matter how important these creatures may fancy themselves to be. The best educated men are those who are more conscious of the limited character of their education and the saintliest of men have ever been those who were most profoundly conscious of their own shortcomings. We may approach God only as we acknowledge our weakness in the presence of his glory."

The President's Message

The Mills of the Gods . . .

Since there is no one pattern for the President's Message, this particular ffort will perhaps add something to the variety. This message will be mething of a report and a concluding appeal.

It would seem that the preparation and production of such an item a piece of descriptive literature should not be a great task. Yet, ere are circumstances under which the usual efficiency of an organization much less than might be desired. Such is the case with the Fellowip, with our having to do everything at two Board meetings per year, nd all else by correspondence. It is not surprising, then, that two rojects which have been in the thinking station for some time should ave taken until early 1957 for their release. Let us acclaim from the ousetops, then, that: 1) the new promotional piece and 2) the Cochel lemorial Library announcement are both off the press, and will be in e mail in the very near future.

We are indebted to the former President, the Rev. William Davidson, r pushing these two projects (as well as the recently relased membership card) to completion. We are also indebted, and not a little, to Mr. illiam Leidt of the Promotion Department, for his technical assistance the development of the format of each piece, and other important tails. We have, in consequence, what some of us feel are two printing ems which are a credit to the Fellowship. It is hoped that they may eet your approval, too.

But their purpose is not, primarily, to meet the approval of the members. They are evangelists, purely and simply. Each has a message in hich each of us in the Fellowship believes. The one is aimed at telling e RWF story simply, directly, with the help of some "visual aids" and me color. It is hoped that these folders may be, to a degree, convincing. However, they are really a companion piece; they do their best ork when accompanied by a personal letter, by a personal contact. So, hen the new promotional folders begin to arrive on the local scene, do ake use of same with telling effect.

The Wilbur and Carolina Cochel Library folder will be mailed direct each of you very shortly, together with a most effective covering tter by our Honorary President, the Right Reverend William F. Lewis, ishop of Nevada. BUT, we shall be enclosing more than one folder nd return envelope. And why? Simply because we do earnestly solicit generous contribution from each member. In addition, we are not oing to object to anything you do, as a member of the RWF, in securing e active participation of friends, parishioners, parish organizations, etc. e would like to see the response to the appeal amount to enough to ve Roanridge, and the Town and Country field, a library resource

second to none. In fact, you may develop some idea which might require additional copies of the folder and return envelope. Write to Bill Davidson's office for the same. But hurry. There has been planned only one printing of the folder.

Now, this seems precious little to be writing about. Or does it? Actually, these two items come close to the heart and purpose of RWF, and the method by which the RWF is kept in a vigorous and growing state, year by year. It is not by proclamation, nor edict nor regulations descending from the heaven of officialdom. Its just the likes of you, feeling the way you do about the whole RWF purpose, who proves to be the most effective means of pumping new blood into the veins of this venerable Fellowship. All hands, man the pumps!

James Ethan Allen

Over the Copy Desk

We live in rural Lexington . . . or at least, as we look out of our study window, we look out on the 'rough' of the local golf club, with the fairways and greens beginning to become playable just beyond. This makes us feel that we are not so far from town-country. Also, as the winter snows begin to melt and run, the road in front of our house is becoming pocked and washed.

My dad is also a 'town-country' man living in Wyoming County in the Susquehanna valley of Pennsylvania. For the past two years, the state has been building a new highway 6 in back of his house. It has meant two years of practically impassable highway. Dad 'blew his stack' to the local newspaper, the state Highway Commission and the Governor a month ago. His letter, replete with the light touch, seems to me to be the iron rod of social action clothed in a velvet glove at its best. Wrote he:

"The worst stretch in the county is a couple of hundred feet on Prospect Hill. Cars and trucks drop or climb four inches or so where the new road hooks into the old Route 6. Then they bounce over a few dozen holes, about deep enough to bury a dog. The concrete was ripped up there last July and people have asked why it was necessary to do it so soon. The answer is a simple one: the sub-contractor wanted to finish his job so that he would not have to go to the expense of coming back this summer to finish his job. After all, money to contractors is important.

"I have heard others say that the road is a hazard. But this is not so — actually it makes for safety. It is true that occasionally an unfamiliar driver whips over the road at 50 miles so that it is possible that one or two of them may end up in a field. But the road has been

in this shape so long now that most drivers are familiar with it. They therefore come to a dead stop, shift into low and crawl over the stretch at five miles an hour. Many drive on the wrong side, trying to pick spots, but there is little danger since when a car comes the other way there is time for both to stop.

"Of course it is expensive. The last traffic count on the route was in 1949, when an average of 2655 cars went over it daily, including 465 trucks. The extra cost for gas for moving a heavy trucks 200 yards in low is variously estimated. Several experts have set the figure from $1 to $2. Make it $1 and you have $465 a day or $169,725 a year. The cost for cars and small trucks isn't much — maybe 10c. So that would add only $219 a day or $73,584 a year.

"Busted tire fabrics and other damage to cars would have to be added, but the amount probably wouldn't be much. There is also the loss of hub-caps. (I added nine to my collection this past Sunday, plus one spare tire which the driver did not know he lost because of the noise of his car going over the bumps.)

"But to offset these costs to the traveling public, it has to be kept in mind that the W..... Construction Co., responsible for the care of the road, is saving a bit of money and, after all, they are not in business for their health.

"Anyhow as near as I can find out from the highway department and the state police here in Tunkhannock, there is nothing they can do about it, which goes also for the highway department in Scranton and Governor Leader in Harrisburg — in any case, he has paid no attention to a letter I wrote him ten days ago. Busy, probably. So the present state administration, as near as I can gather, is powerless to order the W..... Construction Co. to fix the road and keep it fixed.

"Of course, as you suggested in your editorial last week, 'Vote Republican' might help. But I am not so sure since the foreman that dug the hole in the first place was a top man in the highway department here when the Republicans were in. So I guess the public will just have to grin and bear it, hoping that the W..... Co. will be kind enough to get things in shape sometime this summer.

"Since my home is right at this spot, most people have asked me if the racket of bouncing cars and trucks isn't pretty awful. The answer is that sleeping pills take care of it — which cost nothing really since I salvage enough from the stuff that bounces off trucks to pay for them."

The sequel is that Dad has now received word from Governor Leader and a visit from two of the top brass in the Pa. Highway Department . . . and the contract is doing something about the road. He also suggests that, when such improvements be made in your area, you agree to 'nothing' with the highway department until a lawyer gets into the act on your side. In this process of road building, so far, he has lost a sheep-cote, a sheep pasture, a well and a heck of a lot of temper!

The Yearly Round in a Northern Mission

By THE REV. R. C. WARDER,
Diocese of Eau Claire

THE Namekagan Mission, which include Spooner, Springbrook and Hayward, is quite a large mission, extending in all directions away and beyond the places where the churches are situated. There are isolated families, individuals and invalids that have to be ministered to regularly.

Let us start then in the good old winter time when the North Land is clad in deep snow and the thermometer can and does hit fifty below and event beyond.

It is dark on Sunday morning when the priest starts off. Good old Christopher, the faithful mission car, starts on the first flip; we must be careful backing out of the rectory driveway — the cloud of exhaust rising in the below zero air makes a thick white cloud.

The roads are good today. The snow plow has been through so we proceed at a good clip. It is not always thus, however. When the roads are icy, we must start earlier and sometimes nurse the car along if we don't want to end up in the ditch or come down hills backwards which experience is far from pleasant. When the car does go out of control, it is best to turn off the ignition and, when skidding on ice, don't touch the brakes. In time, one grows experienced in driving on glare ice; it is not pleasant but it can be done if one takes care not to zig when one should zag. Before we get to Hayward the sun rises and all the country beauty of snow laden spruce and pine comes to life touched with softest shades of rosy pink and gold. The Namekagan River is not quite frozen over and banks of white mists rise up like steam.

And here we are at Hayward, home of the greatest Muskies, paradise of fishermen and summer playground of Chicago. However, there is not much evidence of activity as at a quarter to eight we drive down the main street and turn off to the Church of the Ascension. The service starts at eight, and the faithful few are gathered — just twelve — but some have driven a long way to receive communion. We are a cozy little family and exchange all the news after the service is over. There are many more in the summer than there are in the winter, and some of our resident families have also followed the swallows to warmer climes.

Well, we leave the faithful churchwarden counting over the collection and leave Hayward for a fourteen-mile drive to the next church where the service is at 9:30 a.m. Saint Luke's Church, Springbrook, is a beautiful little field stone church, founded and built through the self-sacrificing labors of the great early missionary Archdeacon Henry E. Chase, great-grandson of that champion of the church, Bishop Philander Chase of Ohio. Archdeacon Chase is buried in the little cemetery of St. Luke's, on land that he gave which was part of his own farm.

The Keynote of St. Luke's, Springbrook, is "enthusiasm" and on this winter morning, cold though it is, nearly everybody is here. What a

olly crowd, babies, children, young people and old ones, full of the good old Springbrook spirit. I've been here nearly ten years as priest and have never known an unpleasant episode. Our present pride and joy is our new Hammond organ, all paid for in a year and a half.

The altar boy's nose is red and his hands are chilled from a snowball fight outside the church while waiting for me to come. All Saint Luke's vestments are hand made, and lovely ones they are. Albs, chasubles, purses and veils and linen — all complete sets. We love to sing in Springbrook, and the service proceeds, always the Lord's own service, while two fat babies are crawling about in the aisle, and little Bill, aged four, nurses his very devout stuffed monkey who comes to church every Sunday with him. Nothing stiff nor starchy about St. Luke's congregation, and young and old join heartily in all the responses. We wish we might stay longer to chat with our good flock, but once more we must mount our chariot for we have fourteen more miles to go to St. Alban's, Spooner, for 11 a.m.

St. Alban's has been remodeled lately and is a very lovely church. The people take tremendous pride in their church; it is spotlessly clean, the High Altar just glitters and so does the little Lady Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and goes out to three rural hospitals and to many places for sick and shut-in folks.

Once again I go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness, and my two tall acolytes say the preparation with me. There is a nice young choir and a good congregation. I don't have to watch the clock at this service and feel that this is the end of the line so I can preach a bit longer. Again there are hand-shaking and enquiries at the door. Granddad's rheumatism is plaguing him again but Agatha is healing up nicely after getting her hand in the mangle; and so it goes, and I go too. I am tired now after three services and much travelling but in the rectory the good wife has a meal ready; she left it cooking while in church. And after dinner I take mine ease and get a good hour's sleep.

The winter schedule is rather full. We have the Namekagan Springbrook Men's Club that meets in the Springbrook Guild Hall, for all the men of the three places, and we have as many as fifty men at times. We have a varied program-inspirational, instructive, recreational, and eating. It is open to all denominations and, except for the prayer for our families said with the grace, does not have religious sticking out all over it like a sore thumb, but it does provide wholesome recreation, for the only place for men to go and sit of an evening is in the two bars.

We have purchased a shuffle board, and the most ancient and noble order of cribbage players is well represented by our many cribbage fans. We have no rules, no questions asked about subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles. As soon as you hang your hat up you are a member; we are financed by throwing our offerings into a hat. We have an annual venison supper, for nearly all the men are mighty hunters before the Lord; and a fish supper.

I soon found that if we were going to have any worthwhile organizations it could be much better to amalgamate them instead of having just a few in each place; to meet all together in the middle of the Mission at Springbrook, just fourteen miles in each direction from the other churches.

Our Namekagan Episcopal Youth, senior branch, meets alternately at Spooner and Springbrook. So does our Order of St. Vincent for Acolytes, of which there are now 14 members. And every Thursday at 3 p.m., by arrangement with the high school, I have church instruction class, and last year we had over fifty high school students. They were from all three churches and they come in daily by school bus. They were not all Episcopalians but they brought their friends, and as a result children that had no previous church affiliation have applied for Holy Baptism and Conformation. The teaching given is very definite Episcopal teaching; there are classes in other denominations at the same time so I give them the works.

The three guilds of course are separate units and I wish words were sufficient to praise their wonderful loyalty to the Church: "The noble army of women praise Thee, O Lord." Until you have attended one of the guild suppers at Springbrook, man, you haven't lived! One by one the women and husbands stagger in carrying both heave and wave offerings of country cooked food. The only fault I find is the low charge they make; for under a dollar one can feast like Henry VIII, only one dare not throw the bones on the spotlessly white scrubbed boards on the floor.

As well as the organizations mentioned above there are the junior Episcopal Youth, the Spooner choir and, last but not least, the Sunday schools.

Advent brings special preaching services on week nights; the midnight mass is staggered between the churches. I thought it only fair and it brings the congregations together.

Christmas is a jolly time after the midnight mass which was held last year at Hayward. The whole congregation was invited to V's Hotel owned by one of our good church ladies, and we all sat down and devoured a good size suckling pig from snout to curly tail, served all hot and sizzling. And "O" those side dishes!

In Lent I am doubly busy with Lent missions going on at all three churches on week days, and Easter is just glorious.

On Rogation Sunday at Springbrook we have the Rogationtide procession and use the "Cross and Plough" with some slight modifications. We follow the cross singing as we process across the fields; four stations are made when the priest blesses all the land to the north, south, east and west, ending up in the cemetery by the grave of Father Chase, the founder of the mission.

By Whitsunday the glorious northern spring gladdens my heart as I drive round the mission, and by Trinity Sunday, the forest is white with the great trillium, the Trinity Flower on which I always preach. The wild flowers of Northern Wisconsin have to be seen to be ap-

reciated. Soon summer is "a comin' in" and our summer visitors begin arrive. Many have summer homes and drive long distances to one of he churches.

The city folk are a great boost to us; they encourage us such a lot. very month the Namekagan Episcopal Church Messenger is put out in uplicated form. It is brief but does a lot of good. It records our oings on; some modicum of teaching about our Holy Religion; times f services, and homey bits of news like Homer Wortleberry falling into disused cess pool and, being a big man, having to be hauled up by lank's block and tackle.

Summer goes along and then comes the annual pilgrimage to the open ir chapel of St. Francis and the Birds on the beautiful Edgerton estate y Spring Lake. Here on the second Sunday in August an Act of Faith performed. This year, our 10th pilgrimage, over a hundred pilgrims ssembled from far and near.

I found when I came here that the three congregations seldom if ever net together, had never entered each other's churches. To break down his isolationism we started our pilgrimages. They are conducted to he Glory of God for the peace of the world and in thanksgiving for a appy summer.

The open air Eucharist is held at 10:30 a.m., and is followed by the Fellowship Meal"; then merry sports for the children, and finally ending ith the Galilee Service where the conductor preaches from a boat omplete with mast.

This is an evangelistic service; Gospel hymns and Gospel preaching the theme.

Last year we were honored by the visit of several protestant ministers. ver the years we have had our good Bishop Horstick twice, two deans, everal rectors and two prominent laymen give the addresses. All of nem have preached before the mast, which is quite an undertaking there is a bit of a sea on. The people love this service. It is such natural affair. One very hot summer afternoon, the youngsters sang neir hymns sitting in the water to keep cool. We believe that such ervices do a lot of good in dispelling the "Episcopal stiffness" idea.

And so thing go on, seldom a day when the mission car is not on the oad, and in the summer my good wife, always active in good works nd loved by all, drives me all the time as our children are grown up ow. What a blessing it is for the country parson to have a wife heart nd soul in the work.

The summer over, our summer friends having followed the swallows, e settle down to regular activities. We are on the way to celebrate he Feast of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels; the fall colors are lorious. In fact, we drive through a blaze of glory, the gorgeous fall olors of scarlet, bronze and gold set off against a sombre background f spruce and pine forest with vivid blue lakes every few miles; Moses' urning bush is everywhere to be seen, and the whole earth is full of is Glory.

The National Advisory Committee on Town and Country Work of the Episcopal Church Meeting at the N.T.C.C.I., Parkville, Mo., Feb. 1, 1957

Standing: (l. to r.) William B. Spofford, Jr., James Ethan Allen, Henry Robbins Claude Canterbury, Samuel B. Chilton, Herman Anker, John Philbrick, J. Robert Marks.
Seated: (l. to r.) Clifford Samuelson, Bishop Emery, Bishop Horstick, Bishop Henry, William Davidson.
Not Present: Arthur W. Leaker, John Baden, Samuel R. Guard, Bishop Lewis, and Bishop Foote.

Division Doings

By the
Staff of the Division of Town and Country of the National Council

Rogation Sunday being upon us as this comes to you, we make the suggestion that it is not too late to make plans for a fitting observance of the occasion. Materials listed in the March-April, 1957 issue of CHURCHWAYS are still available fro the Division. We are most anxious to receive reports of such observances: letters, bulletins, newspaper publicity and especially pictures. Why not plan to send a complete report of your rogationtide activities to the Division?

The National Advisory Committee on Town and Country Church met at Roanridge, Jan. 30-Feb. 1st, with a large portion of its membership present to discuss important matters. Bishop G. Matt Henry of Western North Carolina replaces Bishop Wm. Horstick of Eau Clair as chairman. The committee reported its approval of a suggestion from the R.W.F. Board that exploration be made of possibilities of fellowship in rural areas of England and other provinces of the Anglican Com-

munion. The Rev. John Peacock, the representative of the Canadian Church at the meeting, is carrying through on this project. Other subjects discussed and acted upon were: the student and in-service training programs, the Division Budget for 1957, literature, continuing and new demonstration fields, Roanridge and the National Town-Country Church Institute, the demonstration homestead, and the N.A.C. committee of reference (i.e. the sub-committees within the larger body.) The National Advisory Committee meets annually to review and evaluate all phases of the work of the Division.

Small Church Schools will begin to receive special attention from the Department of Christian Education when the editor of Small Church Publications of the Division of Curriculum Development is established, as approved by the last National Council meeting. The National Advisory Committee and the Division have commended the Department for this expression of its desire to meet the persistent problem of present inadequate provisions for the small church school, and the Division has offered any assistance it can give to facilitate this work.

The Executive Secretary, Clifford Samuelson, has made three trips to Missouri to supervise operations at Roanridge since Norman Foote's resignation as director, in spite of the good work of John Philbrick as acting director. He acted as one of the attending presbyters at Bishop Foote's consecration at Boise, Idaho, April 14th; he spoke at the banquet of a fine conference of the Pennsylvania Council of Churches arranged by Francis Allison, one-time R.W.F. president, in his capacity as chairman of the State Council's Department of Town-Country; and he has assisted the Unit of Research in conferences relative to diocesan and missionary district surveys now in process of completion. In addition, he has devoted much of his time to plans for the 1957 Town-Country Convocation, to be held at Green Lake, Wisconsin, October 21-25th, as well as to other inter-church committee meetings relating to our area of concern.

The Associate Secretary, William Davidson, attended the University of Vermont's Rural Pastor's Conference at Burlington in early January and has made two trips to Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., to participate in activities sponsored by the New York Council's Town-Country Department. He spent two weeks of February attending a Group Life Laboratory at Montreat, N. Car., and took this occasion to address a clergy conference of the diocese of Western North Carolina and to visit the demonstration field at Mt. Holly, N. Car. He also participated in a conference of rural church leaders of major denominations with the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C., during which there was a helpful exchange of information and ideas between government agency heads and churchmen.

Special Notice: A notice received by the Division recently indicates that the International Voluntary Services, 1930 Columbia Rd., N. W., Washington 9, D. C., has opening for men and women (preferably unmarried and without children) with farm experience willing to service for a

two-year period under experienced leaders overseas in the Near and Far East. Persons interested should write directly to the above address to inquire about this program which furnishes transportation and all necessary expenses plus a reasonable salary.

Coming Events (at the time of writing) are: The Interseminary Rural Life Conference at Merom, Indiana, April 4-8; The Province V Town-Country Seminar at Rice Lake, Wis., April 29-May 3; The rural seminar of the Diocese of Montreal at Lachuete, Quebec, May 13-16; the seminar on Theology and Rural Life of Interchurch Rural Leaders in New York, May 23, where a paper on Anglican Teachings and Rural Life will be presented by the Committee on Management of the National Council of Churches' Dept. of Town-Country at Columbus, Ohio, June 3-5; and the Province I Town-Country Conference at Burlington, Vt., June 17-21. There will also be a great number of short courses and summer schools for town-country clergy at state colleges, universities, and seminaries throughout the country. Further information about any of these conferences and short courses is available from the Division.

The Student Rural Church Training Program will be getting under way as supervisors' conferences are held in May and preparatory sessions for students are held in the second and third weeks of June. Regional centers with dates are as follows: National Town-Country Church Institute, Parkville, Mo., June 10-August 23; Western Town-Country Church Institute, Weiser, Idaho; The Rev. J. Robert Nicholas, Director, June 15-Aug. 24; the Minnesota Extension Center at Cass Lake, the Rev. Wm. B. Key, 309 Clifton Ave., Minneapolis, Director, June 10-Aug. 23; the Parish Training Program of New England, the Rev. Harry Jones, Lasell House, Whitinsville, Mass., Director, June 3-Aug. 23; the Middle Atlantic Training Institute at the Claggett Center, Buckeystown, Md., the Rev. John A. Baden, St. James' Rectory, Monkton, Md., Director, June 11-Aug. 24; and the Southern Town-Country Church Institute, Valle Crucis, N. Car., the Rev. E. Dargan Butt, 600 Haven St., Evanston, Ill., director, June 15-Aug. 29th. A large number of seminary students and women church workers are expected to enroll in this program designed to give them an opportunity to test their vocations and perform the work of a town-country ministry under supervision for an 8 to 10 weeks' period during the summer.

The National Convocation and the National Episcopal Conference on the Town-Country Church, to be held at Green Lake, Wis., Oct. 21-25th, will have a most interesting program to preliminary plans. The overall theme is to be "The Relationship of the Town and Country Church, U.S.A., to the World Situation." Daily emphases and speakers are as follows: First Day: *How Wide Is the World to Us* by James S. Warburg; Second Day: *Putting the Town-Country Church to Work on Her World-wide Msision* by the Rt. Rev. Wm. W. Horstick; and Third Day: *The Church's Mission in the Local Community as Related to Its World-wide Mission* by a nationally-known rural sociologist and churchman. More detailed information about the conference and convocation will be sent

bishops during the month ahead so they may consider representation from their diocese and final plans will appear in the August issue of *Crossroads.*

Scholarships, two in number, have been reserved for Episcopal priests the Interdenominational School for Rural Leaders at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston. The school, which runs from June 24th to July 5th, will headline Dr. Samuel Blizzard, Dr. Rockwell Smith and Dr. Robert Hewlett of England. Write the Division for particulars. The Scholarships cover room and tuition.

The Yearly Round In a Western Mission

By DEACONESS MARY C. HETTLER, Pioche, Nevada

MORE than eight years ago, Bishop Lewis invited me to come to Nevada to serve on his staff as the missionary worker in Lincoln County. The Church has two mission buildings, Christ Church, Pioche, where I live and St. Matthias' Church, Caliente, twenty-five miles to the south. The county is over two hundred miles from north to south and extends from the Utah border west into the mountains as far as one can go. There is one main highway from north to south, #93, and all east and west roads are unimproved and lead only to mines or ranches. One road crossing through the county east and west will be oiled this summer and make east and west travel possible for the first time in this area of the state. The nearest railroad connection is at Caliente and a bus passes through on alternate days (except Sundays) going north one day and south the next. Hence a car is a necessity in the work and I average better than a thousand miles a month of driving.

The nearest priest, Fr. Weida, is at Ely, 109 miles to the north and likewise this is the nearest connection via air. Christ Church and St. Thomas' Church in Las Vegas are 200 miles to the south. East and west in either direction, it is now over three hundred miles to where a priest is to be found. The new road will connect us with the Church at Tonopah in the west, a distance of 205 miles across an alkali desert.

I arrived in Pioche late in February of 1949, the year of the emergency "hay lift". Snow covered everything and the plows had piled it so high that in many places along the roads and streets one could not see above and over the banks from the car windows. The highway looked very long and narrow but when spring came little trails and roads showed all along the highway, the desert bloomed with millions of wild flowers and we had a beautiful spring. The little roads popped out from under the snow leading to many mines and ranches. I have since learned to

know many of the people who live at the end of these trails and have some twelve families to whom I send "Home Prayers". Some of our people serve on the maintenance crews along the railroad, and live at those isolated "sections."

One of these families live on the section at Elgin. The father works as a rancher during the summer and on the R.R. during the winter months. The mother is a registered nurse and serves as postmistress for the section and a ranching area more than 25 miles around. They have four small children and have brought each in turn to St. Matthias' to have them baptized. Elgin is some twenty miles down Rainbow Canyon and they must cross through the creek nine times to get to Caliente. When the heavy snows melt too fast or the flash floods come with the heavy rains they often have no way to get out except by flagging down a train or one the railroad hand cars. I usually get down to visit this family two or three times a year. They usually get up about an equal number of times to make their communion at the church. The road is narrow and just clings to the canyon walls and rock slides often do great damage and block whole sections, so it takes slow and careful driving. But the welcome one receives from this isolated family makes the trip more than worth while and I only regret that I can't go more often.

Sundays I leave Pioche before eight and drive to Caliente, light the fire and pick up some of the children for service. I have a service of Morning Prayer with an address suitable for the children and then drive back to Pioche for an 11:00 a.m. Family Service with classes for all ages following. (Cleaning the buildings, lighting fires and conducting services are all part of the regular routine of mission work. Since coming I have managed to eliminate all of the old coal and wood stoves and now have oil piped in to all the stoves so the work is much simpler.) I take one day a week to visit in each of the nearby communities. Panaca and Caselton are each about twelve miles from Pioche. Caselton is our big mine and Panaca is the second Morman settlement in the state, but we have a few families living there. The third day I go to Caliente. Then when spring fever or the wanderlust strikes, I take out for visits with the isolated in the area. Or I pick these calls up on trips to or from Las Vegas and Ely when they are not too far off the highway. I often take one of our shut-ins or handicapped with me for these drives. It makes company for me and gets them out into the air and away from their four wearisome walls.

The Bishop arranges for a priest to make a monthly visit to bring us our communions. Many times this means that he or the general missionary makes a trip from Reno, a round trip distance of some 900 miles in order that we may receive the sacraments regularly. They usually conduct three public services of Holy Communion and then take communion to those who are sick or shut-in. Except in emergency, baptisms are also administered at these times.

Most people take lawns and gardens for granted, but not so in Pioche.

ne mountain sides are rocky and bare and there is little natural vegeta-n except for tumble weeds, sage brush and juniper. The town is in e crotch of several mountains at an elevation of 6500 ft. Until about ur years ago all the water came from springs and melting snow and as collected in reservoirs and then rationed to the users in small quanti-es. There was only one lawn in all Pioche when I arrived and that very small part of the yard. There were a few small flower beds. followed suit and planted a few spring bulbs close along the wall of e Church. Then four years ago when they piped the water from the 00 foot level of the big mine over the mountains I planted a lawn after king hundreds of rocks off the mountain side. The first year the rds feasted on what seed didn't blow away but, the second year, I cov-ed the seed with sacks, kept it well watered and got a good stand. ow more and more families are planting lawns and flowers. But I ust tell you about my near neighbor, a little woman over eighty who ad a flower garden below me. She found it necessary to move down earer the center of town and when she did so she hired a boy with a ailer to come and dig all the dirt from her garden and move it down the new house. I remember thinking to myself — "Now I have seen erything;" — but I must admit good earth is scarce and has to be auled in from the valley for gardens.

Many times since coming to Pioche I have recalled the story of the oung girl who went to the Kentucky mountains to work and after eing duly welcomed and settled into the front parlor to spend the ight received this help from her hostess. "If you should want for omethin' you don't have, jest ask for it. We kin show you how to et along without it." It is hard to realize how difficult it is to live ithout the little things in life, the sort that just one good dime store ould have to sell!

Isolated from much of the world's busyness, television and the spots f commercial recreation and common commodities, easily available in ost communities, the work of the church in a small mining camp and nching area pays big dividends. Many persons have come to know od and for the first time learn what it really means to be one of His mily in Christ. They meet a personal concern for them as persons ith grateful appreciation and make vital spiritual growth. Many who ad only a dim notion of the church's mission have come to a sharp and lear vision of purpose.

I can best point this up by citing some of the work and persons in-olved. A young man, 18, found himself in the local hospital. He as an accident victim and running away from a gang of dope peddlers ho were forcing him to carry dope into a large California aircraft plant. He had a broken arm and a leg broken in three places but he was not esponding to treatment. The doctor suggested that I see what I could o to help. I visited long hours and assisted with the special nursing nd so learned that he was rejected by a step-mother who was insanely ealous of the father's love for his son. I found that he retained great

love for his own mother who had died when he was a small boy of three. He saw no reason to live until after we discussed the "communion of saints" and the part that they play in our lives. I instructed him for baptism and he was baptised at the next regular visit of the priest to Pioche. The church became a first with him. When he left the hospital he secured work with the Highway Department in Austin, 257 miles from Pioche. Here he met a priest on the street and said, "Are you an Episcopalian? Do you know the Deaconess?" Fr. Jack assurred him that we were friends and they met for dinner several times during the two week period while Fr. Jack was in Austin for a Vacation Church School. Later I met the girl who was to be his wife and was among the first to know when the first baby was expected. He left for military service the morning the baby arrived and received home prayers as did his wife during his tour of duty. They are now reunited as a family — off in a little mining camp 110 miles from Pioche, their nearest church.

Then there was Ray a little youngster of about six who appeared the latter part of a Vacation Church School in Caliente about four years ago. His mother came for the closing exercises and asked when she could have Ray baptized? This was their first contact with the church. It was late August and I told them the next visit of a priest would be October 13th. I went off to Staff Conference for a week and then returned to the field to get two church schools organized and busied myself with getting the fall program off to a good start in addition to conducting the regular services on Sunday. Saturday, October 12th, the mother telephoned from Caliente to ask if the priest would be here for the service tomorrow? I explained that he was here and that we would be down in the afternoon to make the arrangements for the baptism. When we arrived we discovered that neither she nor her husband had ever been baptized. They all wished to be baptized. We settled down for an afternoon of instruction. The husband and father left his father-in-law in charge of the gas station and joined us. Next morning at the regular scheduled service all three were baptized. Then I began the preparation and instruction of the parents for confirmation and discovered that neither of her parents had been baptized and that they also wished to be confirmed, this gave us a class of four. They received instruction for both baptism and confirmation and parents and grandparents were confirmed when the Bishop made his next visitation. Last spring I received a note from Ray that he was to be confirmed in a parish in California.

The wedding of a local nurse, proved to be a real teaching instrument. Joyce was working on the staff of the local hospital and came to ask if she might be married from the Church. She was a member of the Canadian Presbyterian Church and had no family in this country, but she very much wanted a church wedding. The nearest Presbyterian Church was in Las Vegas, two hundred miles distant. I made sure that there was nothing to prevent her having a church wedding and then arranged to have Fr. Weida of Ely give the instruction and come down

or the service. Joyce chose a white satin gown with a train and had ree bridesmaids and ushers. The Church was simply, but beautifully ecorated. In most places this would have passed for a simple wedding, ut not in Pioche. I discovered that a Church wedding was very much novelty; the Morman Church people have either the J.P. or one of their ishops marry them in a home or civil ceremony. The Roman Catholics ave no church building here so they must go elsewhere to have a church edding. Most persons simply have some civil ceremony and then a eception which is the big event. Following the service there was much iscussion and many questions and one churchwoman in her early thirties ho has lived here all her life made the statement, "I always thought nat weddings like this only happened in movies." Since that time four f our Church girls have chosen to be married from the Church. Each of nese services have been simpler than the first but in every case the ouples have been eager for Christian marriage and have welcomed the nstruction required and given.

Not infrequently I am called upon to bury the dead. Sometimes a mily will request the services of a priest and then I make the necessary rrangements. The Odd Fellows came to me one day and asked if I ould read the burial office for Bill. He had once run the "Beanery" here many of the miners ate but in recent years had been a ward of ne county. I was also to arrange for some music and someone to ng and they in turn would dig the grave and act as the pall bearers. hey were anxious that Bill have a decent burial. I secured the services f my organist and found four women who would sing a couple of the hurch's hymns. We arrived at the mortuary just before the hour set or the service only to be greeted by the mortician who said "We have o dig a little more out of the grave, the casket won't go in." He loaded p all the pall bearers and left for the cemetery. (I discovered later nat the hole was dug "V" shape and was big enough only at the top.) We waited forty-five minutes while they blasted and dug rocks from ne grave. The organist pumped away at the little reed organ. When ney returned I read the service and we sang the hymns. The service ompleted at the mortuary, I expected that we would move on to the emetery, but instead the casket was thrown open and we were all invited o view the deceased. Bill had no family nor relatives and few friends o I was somewhat startled when "Joe" began to weep copious tears. asked if he had been a special friend and received the reply, "No, but omeone ought to cry for him." We proceeded to the cemetery and the alance of the service went without incident.

This doesn't begin to tell the story but I can assure you that the com- ensations more than outweigh the hardships of being one of God's elpers in this isolated field. Following the death of my Warden's lied the mother, but he still persisted, "Well, she sure acts like it." ather, his little son asked, "Mother is Deke related to us?" "No" re- hey, too, have taken me in as a member of the family.

The Challenge of Aging Persons in Town-Country Churches

By LOUISE HATCH,

Associate in Christian Education, Western Town-Country Institute, Weiser, Idaho

GERIATRICS is a process in which all persons are involved as so as their birth is accomplished. Why we set an arbitrary time lin like the age 65 is beyond comprehension. That date is a result tin not a beginning. What you have become at 65, you began with yo first relationships with life and with people.

Aging, to the young, is an accomplishment. Too often, to the ol it is a disgrace. Youth craves to be old and age is ashamed to adn to the honest passing of time. This ought not to be. Aging wi wisdom and creativity should be an honored and respected accomplis ment, with satisfaction for the participant and appreciation from t observer.

The small town is no different than the big city as far as lon liness goes. There may be more to see and to do in the big city b the small town, in our culture, can compete with its radio and te vision. The small town also permits physical activity longer. Mo older people can probably continue to walk more and longer than in t urban environment. Steps are just as difficult to climb in either pla although there undoubtedly are more elevators in the city.

So the question is not, particularly, what do we do in the small tow that is different from the city. The question is: "What do we do and for, the aging wherever they may be. The psychology of this li in the interpretation of aging. Is it "accomplishment" or is it "disgrace Here the Church can and must speak. This is its unique contribution a no other community agency can meet this need. Is God cruel, vindictiv so that the plan of creation runs in the sterile cycle of birth, life dea and then the end? Are we like children who can see only that? C can and does the Church show us the mature interpretation of birth, dea and, then, eternal life? Can the Church help us to understand t teaching of Jesus which seems to mean that resurrection continues . . that we shall shed the old, tired body, to begin a new, yet continuin experience with God?

No trivial, petty answers are needed here. This is the Church's jo — the continuous teaching of the vital truths of the dynamic facts o the life and death of a Christian. Only so can one be helped to li out as a Christian witness what society today seems to label as undesi able and unwanted.

No number of organizations for recreation or amusement, much a they may help loneliness, can take the place of what the Church shoul

ve been creating. The teaching of things to do cannot solve the prob-n of what one must be. Visiting the aging with soft food and softer lk is palliative only.

The aging do not live in an isolated segment of society. They are rt of the whole. Their relationships are, or should be, with all — e young, the mature, the aging. Where can the family learn this tter than through the family of the Church? The climate of respect, preciation and understanding which is created by the Church at its st will help the aging to accept the new relationships more graciously d the younger generation to understand the changing relationships ore readily. Helplessness which in the child is cute and even endear-g to the doting mother becomes irritating to the aging, who must cept it as a fact of life, and to the helper, who must move into the anged role and become the parent-helper to a helplessness which no nger is cute. Only a real Christian respect for personality can do this.

The small town church has far greater opportunity for Church family therings, which aid in teaching respect by the young. It has more portunity to place coffee cups in those less steady hands of the aging; r recognition of past efforts and gifts; of recognition of un-needed rts done by thoughtless indifference and for constant teachings, through owing relationship and familiarity, of the summary of the Law: "Thou alt love thy neighbor as thyself" — even old Mrs. Jones, cantankerous she may be!

Only as age can respect itself can it accept its place in life and so spect others. The juvenile delinquent is known to be delinquent be-use he cannot respect himself and, thus, can have no respect for other rsons or things. The older person who has ceased to have self-respect . . feeling unwanted, unloved and unnecessary . . . finds it equally fficult to respect others.

When he was a little child, he knew he was wonderful. Even now, must still know this, not for what he has done with his life, but for nat God is to him and what he is to God. Even though an aging ild, he is still God's child, worthy of respect. There is no retirement om living. When one ceases to work for wages, one often has more me to be that for which he was born, an heir with Christ and a living tness of the eternal God.

This the small town church can encourage, promote, witness and glory , as each and every one of its members gores from day to day in this ing process. Books, group discussions, calls, projects — all are of lue if they bring greater realization that this is everybody's job — d everybody's fate. There is nothing truer than the fact that what are to become, we are now becoming. The more a person has to e for, the less he has to have to live with. It is not things to which retire; it is a condition to which we retire. The whole of our lives preparation for this slowing-up time when what we have learned to ow and to do will help us to be the kind of persons who prove that

aging is no disgrace but just a glorious accomplishment within the great scheme of God.

This is one of the major challenge's of the Church today. No other agency is equipped to care for this need of the people, which is increasing with on-rushing proportions. We can not fool ourselves and search for some outside method or way to do that for which we are created — to be a fellowship of concerned believers, releasing the potential for Christian living in all of the children of God, gathered into our particular family. From the wee ones to the oldest, each has his place and this the Church must ever be ready to provide.

—oOo—

Town-country Bishops and clergy often wonder how they can keep up their professional reading. We suggest that they all place themselves on the mailing list of the General Theological Library, 53 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. Every month or so, special bibliographies are produced on particular subjects (everything from the Eucharist to Pastoral Care) drawn up by leading seminary professors in the Boston area. The Library will ship volumes anywhere in the United States, with you paying the postage. Even if you don't get the books, the bibliographies are worth having.

The Consultation Corner

Dear Sir:

As a town-country clergyman, I am in a quandary as to my relationship to the fraternal and service orders and clubs in my small community of 6,000. We have the usual variety — Masons, I.O.O.F. and Knights of Pythias of the classical "order" kind; Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions of the "service" variety.

I know that some bishops and clergy belong to the former; others are adamant against it. Still others join a service organization, but will not belong to a fraternal order. Still others believe that such affiliation of any kind is too time-consuming and steals work and service from the church.

Could you ask some person(s) who has thought through this problem to discuss the positive and negative features of such affiliation for the local vicar or rector in a town-country situation. Many thanks . . since it raises real hob with the definition of my role in this town.

Sincerely yours,
Charles P. Wonder

ear Mr. Wonder:

Mr. Wonder's recent letter to the Editor aroused my interest and I ould like to reply to it chiefly because I am very grateful for the easant associations I have had in fraternal groups and service clubs four different communities. Perhaps, for that reason, I cannot be too elpful in my remarks because I have never found these organizations to much of a problem — either as an institution in the community or my relationship to them. In fact, I have found them very helpful nd it would be difficult for me to say very much about them in a egative way. Nevertheless, one man's experience might shed some light n Mr. Wonder's question.

I have found that these organizations have helped me to relate my inistry to the entire community. They cut across denominational lines nd provide one not only with the opportunity to meet, but to work, ith men of other religious backgrounds and loyalties. This would be articularly helpful in a community the size of Mr. Wonder's. It has een very interesting to me to observe how much easier it is for some en to relate themselves to a clergyman when they have a mutual tie another level. For example, I served as Chaplain of the Masonic odge in two different communities, and in both instances many of the nen who were not Episcopalians looked to me as their pastor.

A clergyman need to relate his ministry to the entire community, but e also needs to identify himself with the community and to enter into s best interests — the satisfying of its greatest needs and aspirations. This an probably be done in other ways but it has seemed to me that by dentifying myself with certain community organizations the citizens more eadily looked upon me as one of their own and not as one who was ust passing through town, so to speak. I have also found that this means a reat deal to your own people, particularly in a community where the piscopalians may be quite a minority group. It also meant a great deal n the community where I began my ministry and where I was the first esident Episcopal clergyman in twenty-eight years. In fact, I would like o testify that in this situation my affiliation with a lodge and a service lub opened many doors and brought me into touch with many people vho I later had the privilege of presenting for confirmation.

Some clergy have expressed the thought that they would have to ompromise their ministry and their convictions if they affiliated with odges and service clubs. I have not found this to be true at all. To the ontrary, I have found that these groups have provided wonderful op- ortunities for me to communicate even my deepest convictions. These rganizations are not perfect, of course. They too are made up of hu- nan beings. However, I believe one has a much better chance to in- luence them for good from the inside than one has by being critical f them from the outside. Even as I write this I am mindful of the fact hat just three weeks from today I will have the privilege of speaking o my own service club on the meaning of Easter. I have had a number f opportunities to tell my fellow service club members that no amount

of community service can take the place of the dedication of one's life to God and to his fellowmen, and I have had equal opportunities to point out to some members of the lodge that that affiliation cannot take the place of their responsibility to the Christian Church.

Now, it is possible for a clergyman to devote too much of his time to clubs and lodges — just as it is perfectly possible for a clergyman to spend too much of his time in other community pursuits. However, this does not have to be the case and should not be. And even though this possibility exists, it can hardly be argued that all clergy should refrain from membership.

I hope that some of these thoughts will be helpful to Mr. Wonder. These organizations of which he writes have been pleasant opportunities for me rather than problems. However, I certainly do not wish to suggest that a clergyman has to belong to them to have a successful ministry. Too many have demonstrated that such membership is not necessary. I, for one, just happen to be a clergyman who has enjoyed participating in these groups and has found in them an extension for my ministry.

Bishop Richard Emery,
District of North Dakota

Dear Mr. Wonder:

In answer to the question as to whether I, as a priest, should involve myself in the secular activities of my community (i.e. fraternal orders or service organizations), it is necessary for me to give an answer drawn upon my experience as a rural pastor.

First, I would make a generalization. One of the connotations given us as priests, both by history and by our communities, is "pastor"; another, from old English, is "parson". The pastor is the faithful shepherd who not only cares for the sheep he can see, but seeks out those who are not present and accounted for. And the word "parson" can only mean "person". So we must be where the sheep are, and be the person of our communities. But to be more specific, let me give my own experience and its results: then, perhaps we can draw some conclusions.

My first pastorate was in a community quite rural, where the Masonic Lodge had been established sixteen years before the Church; and the Lodge had had (when I arrived) something like eighty years of continued activity; while the Church had wavered and had, prior to my arrival, undergone a period of thirty years without a resident clergyman. While the lodge was growing continuously, the Church was just as continuously dwindling. There were only a handful of communicants remaining, and the preponderance of them were septuagenarians (female). In fact, there were not more than two or three men in church during the first three months of my stay. The men went to lodge, and they evangelized for the lodge. Now, to paraphrase something out of Julius Caesar, I think: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." If the sheep are in the lodge, then I had better join the lodge. So, with no bones about it, I became a Mason, and a good one, because, once inside the lodge, I could and, by the grace of God, was able to lead men to see that no fraternal order

uld take the place of the Church in the worship of Almighty God. worked. In honest appraisal, I can safely say that we brought into e fellowship of the Church many men — through my being a Mason. As for service organizations: I belonged to some of these, such as e P.T.A., having two children in school, and using my activity in this ganization, was able to learn more about the educational problems and eds in my community, that I might lead (as the "parson") a fight to nool betterment. Again, although there were some storm clouds with- my cure (among the older element resisting change) we were success- l in showing the Church's leadership in the secular world. I took an tive role in the Boy Scouts for the same reason and with the same sults.

One may wonder just how far one should go with all this, and that n be answered only by the person on the local scene. It may have go to some real extreme, such as becoming the chief of the local olunteer fire department. Even this had some excellent results, for though we didn't save very many buildings, it became a by-word that ere was a priest who was willing to serve man where his need was, d was not afraid to get dirty, or to take physical chances; and besides s duty as a religious leader, he was also willing to use his training a leader to the betterment of his people. It even caused one "heathen" write my Bishop commending my action in the extinguishing the fires the here and the hereafter.

To weigh all this, one may be curious as to how I accomplished any my clerical duties. Again, this must depend on the man. He must now what his physical capabilities are; and how much time he can ve to these activities; and he must decide carefully his reasons for king an active part. If he belongs to the lodge or to the service or- nization because he is the "parson" or the "pastor" then there is good ason to belong. If he joins them just because he is a "joiner", whose go is fed by this sort of activity — watch out! One has to achieve balance in this part of his ministry, which can come only by trial-and- ror experience.

Now that I'm in a larger and more established town-country area church- ise, I find that it isn't as necessary for me to belong to all the various rganizations, and that my work is done effectively in other ways, but I feel that the need arises, I shall go back into active lodge member- nip and other secular leadership as the "parson". Incidentally, my Bishop oncurred in this activity within reason.

The Rev. Albert E. Allen
Rector, St. Mark's Church
Hood River, Oregon

—oOo—

Clement of Alexandria said: "If we did not have the Incarnate Son f God, we would be like the fowl that fattened for death in its dark oop; just as, if we had no sun, complete darkness would prevail upon arth despite all the stars."

BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by E. DARGAN BUTT

Studying Your Community by Roland L. Warren. Russell Sage Foundation, New York. 385 pp. 1955.

This is a splendid analysis of the community and its problems and opportunities. It is a successor to Joanna C. Colcord's *Your Community: Its Provisions for Health, Education, Safety and Welfare,* bringing the study up to date and enlarging upon its scope of inquiry.

The value of the book is primarily that of a reference book on community stability and welfare. There is a brief analysis of each of the various areas of community organization, and an exhaustive list of questions on each subject designed to provoke answers to the different needs of each phase of community life.

A look at the contents of the book gives assurance of its usefulness. It takes up such subjects as the Communities' Background and Setting; its Economic Life; its Government, Politics and Law Enforcement; its General Planning; its Housing; its Education; its Recreation; its Religious Activities; its Social Insurance and Public Assistance; its Aid to Family Living and Child Welfare; its Health; its Provision for Special Groups; its Communication; its Intergroup Relations; its Associations and its General Organization. There are chapters on organizing and conducting a community study and survey. The book closes with a list of agencies serving the community.

Anyone concerned with community organizations and welfare will find this book one of the most comprehensive outlines on community study available. It is a must for the town-country minister. The price of $3.00 brings it into the range of the average parson.

. . . E. Dargan Butt.

Autumn Across America by Edwin Way Teale; Dodd, Meade and Co., New York. 1956. 363 pp. $5.75.

One-hundred and one years ago, the classic nature book of America was printed. It was the work of a recluse by Walden Pond nestled in the rolling hills of Lincoln, Mass. The work was a "dud" at first. Then it caught on and became one of America's gifts to the world. Since that time, writing about nature has been an important part of our cultural scene and many persons have made careers of the art.

Edwin Teale is one of the most perceptive of that company. He is evaluating natural America at each season of the year and *Autumn Across America* is the second of the series. The first, *North With The Spring,* follows the awakening of the earth and its creatures from the tip of Florida to the northernmost county "down Maine" during the springtime. It, too, is a classic. In this new work, Mr. Teale travels from Cape Cod to Point Lobos, California, watching the world go to sleep

r the winter. He sees things that ordinary men miss, or take in their ride, and he writes with the sensitivity of a good poet . . . or a real turalist. The text is accompanied by warm and delicate pictures taken the author.

If, as you grow older, autumn is now becoming just a season that a prelude to the cold of winter, you are asked to read this book. Autumn here seen as, truly, the work of God. . . . W. B. S., Jr.

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igh, Wide and Lonesome by Hal Borland; Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1956. 251 pp.

A warm, enthralling description of what it was like to grow up n the "high plains" of eastern Colorado in the early years of this cen- ry. The perils and courage with which they are met makes us aware the real debt that we owe to the early "homesteaders". A piece of gional literature which will, surely, give added insight and knowledge town-country workers. . . . W. B. S., Jr.

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oetry and Rural Life by Benson Y. Landis; Dept. of Town-Country Church, National Council of Churches; 50c.

At this time when so much truth is being captured in the test tubes laboratories, it does us good to be reminded that through the perceptive ower of poets and their disciplined pens great truths have been cap- red and capsuled in a few words.

Benson Y. Landis has devoted much of his life energy toward guiding, ring, prodding clergy to be both scientific and poetic in their search r facts and their communication of them. In *Poetry and Rural Life,* e has cleverly woven together patches of the poems, biographical frag- ents, and touches of his own evaluations of the work of fifteen Ameri- n poets.

Dr. Landis states in the preface that he would "call attention to and ring together much excellent poetic writing on things rural". Says r. Landis, "I would try to call attention to the abiding values inherent rural life. Our poets may be able to do what other writers cannot."

He adds a chapter on the Continental, English and American rural igins of some of the most popular rural hymns. He brings in some teresting and little-known data on the Commission on Country Life his chapter on Liberty Hyde Bailey. Concerning the effects of this mmission, he states: "Influence is very hard to trace in precise terms." he same can be said of a book of this type. But I believe the influence many a sermon would be extended were the preacher to be inspired, he well may be by a perusal of this unique compilation, to re-read ny and all of these poets. It would no doubt do violence to the author, ut the simple fact is that a good many chapter of this book will ndoubtedly prove excellent source material for verbatim addresses to e numerous organizations by which the rural parson is called on for n appropriate address." It is worth buying.

. . . . Lois Parsons

New Members

Deaconess Mary C. Hettler, Box 271, Pioche, Nevada
Rev. Maurice Farr, 215 Epworth Ave., London, Ont., Canada
Rev. Welch K. Tester, Trinity Church, Spruce Pine, N. Car.
Mr. George F. Piese, Patterson School, Legerwood Rural Station, Lenoir, N. Car.
Most Rev. W. L. Wright, Bishopshurst, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., Canada
Rev. Donald Dixon, Little Current, Manitoulin Is., Ontario, Canada
Rev. W. C. Banting, Murillo, Ontario, Canada
Rev. Canor C. Goodier, Haileybury, Ontario, Canada
Rev. C. H. Peto, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada
Rev. L. Peterson, Coniston, Ontario, Canada
Rev. Robert Green, St. Andrew's, Lac La Biche, Alberta, Can.
Rev. Glenn Ash, St. Andrew's, Colinton, Alberta, Can.
Rev. Bernard Hart, St. Paul's, Boyle, Alberta, Can.
Rev. R. Y. Winters, Jr., Box 51, Valle Crucis, N. Car.
Rev. Dudley Burr, St. James', Albion, Michigan
Mrs. E. T. Boyd, 1313 Clarkson St., Denver 18, Colo.
Rev. H. Shurvin, All Saints', Box 494, Shuanavon, Sask., Can.
Mr. Martin H. Risard, 1715 Lincoln St., Berkeley 3, Cal.
Mr. Warren W. Bacon, Box 28, Iona, N. Jersey
Mr. H. Lawrence Choate, Riva, Md.
Rev. George C. Merkel, Box 307, Atmore, Ala.
Rev. J. Philson Williamson, Box 422, New Roads, La.
Rev. John B. Story, Chalmer Community Ch., Chalmers, Indiana

—oOo—

Mark Twain said of one of his characters: "He is a good person the worst kind."

—oOo—

Lord Chesterfield wrote: "Wrongs are often forgiven; contempt never

—oOo—

Busy souls have no time to be busybodies.

—oOo—

At a dinner party a prominent businessman asked Albert Einstein ho pure scientific research helped business. With a twinkle in his ey Prof. Einstein replied: "Who can tell? After all, what would the suspen er amount to without the law of gravitation?"

—oOo—

John Wesley wrote the following Worker's Prayer in 1703: "O Lor let us not live to be useless, for Christ's sake. Amen."

—oOo—

St. Augustine said: "He who hopes without fear grows careless, ju as he who fears without hope is downcast and sinks into dejection li a stone."

Address Changes and Corrections

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ev. Charles B. Traill, St. Alban's, Tillamook, Ore.
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ev. Roy E. Lemoine, 516 Dynn Ave., Ames, Iowa
ev. Richard C. Heintz, St. Andrew's-in-the-Pines, Pinedale, Wyo.
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ev. Raymond L. Holly, 317 S. Chester St., Park Ridge, Ill.
ev. Edw. W. M. Johnson, Rt. 2, Box 504, Benton, Ark.
ev. Charles E. White, 211 N. 11th, Dade City, Fla.

—oOo—

Karl Mannheim, the sociologist, reminds us that "Figuratively speak-g, reconstruction a changing society is like replacing the wheels of a in while it is in motion, rather than rebuilding a house on new undations."

—oOo—

The Bishop of Paris, so goes the story, once told of two boys who nt into Notre Dame. One challenged the other to make an in-mplete confession. Accepting the dare, the other did so but the priest cognized his insincerity. "As penance you must go kneel in front of e Altar and say ten times 'Thou has done this for me . . . and I don't ve a damn!'" The boy went to the altar, kneeled down and started: 'hou hast done this for me . . ." but he could not finish. The Bishop Paris was that boy.

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